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Old Angler



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Chapter 1 by Ember Sommer

A piece of dorsal spine that protrudes above the mouths of Anglers' like a fishing pole. Tipped with a lure of luminous flesh this built-in rod baits prey close enough to be snatched... Using an extension of itself as bait is exactly what this man does.

There he sits in front of the fire, paper in hand. Though he died centuries ago, the paper was up to date. Being ingeniously preserved, you never would have known he was dead unless you came up close. This pink, stiff lumberjack planned this out himself. After his death, he turned down the reaper's offer; stuck in his considerably luxurious abode. Like the Angler fish, he uses an extension of himself to lure in prey; his physical self and subtly flashy home are enough to strike anyone's fancy. Everyone knows this house is an elder compared to the rest of the neighborhood. So the occasional smoke coming out of the chimney might seem a bit odd to some.

Over time he grew stronger, arrogant and ravenous. But never impatient. Patience was in fact one of his best qualities. Day in and day out, he'll wait. And even when a new victim has come around, he still will wait. Despite what your mothers have taught you; playing with food is in fact quite polite. For if the victim(s) are smart enough to heed the red flags, then their gift is life. He sees this as a public service; ridding of the idiots that enter his doon.

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